

ONE vital part of our war machine which, thank heavens, has not been allowed to run down since 1945, is the Joint Intelligence Committee—the voice of the three Service Intelligence Departments.

In a restricted operation involving compact striking forces, good intelligence will be vital in the timing of our tactics, and the limitation of casualties on both sides to the absolute minimum.

The Joint Intelligence Committee, which is closely linked with the Joint Planning Staff, consists of the three Directors of Intelligence and a representative of the Foreign Office. It is their duty to evaluate all operational and strategic intelligence received in Whitehall and present their conclusions to the Chiefs of Staff who, in turn, advise the Prime Minister.

The D.s. of I.

By means of the joint intelligence machine, the aircraft and naval strengths and orders of battle of all the Middle Eastern States are kept under review from minute to minute, and a watch is also kept for any sign of expansion of the conflict outside the Mediterranean.

Today those chiefly responsible for an accurate picture, and thus for the earliest possible cessation of hostilities, are the Director of Naval Intelligence, Rear Admiral J. G. T. Inglis, the Director of Military Intelligence, Major-General V. Boucher, and the Director of Air Intelligence, Air Commodore C. S. Moore.

Opinion in Whitehall is that we are as fortunate in these appointments as we are in the continued existence of the intelligence machinery which

served us so well in the last war.

The Bad Dream

IT is extraordinary to recall the McCarthyism which smeared the last American elections. All that has disappeared—with Cohn and Schine and the other bad fairies of the period.

Senator McCarthy himself is a sick man. He recently left the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington to make a few desultory speeches in Wisconsin. Under treatment for unspecified nervous disorders he has lost thirty pounds and is physically a shrunken man. His powers of concentration are gone and he has the peculiar stare of a man under tranquillising drugs.

A feature of his disappearance from the political scene is the new-found respectability of the intellectuals. Last week the "New York Times" carried a full-page advertisement, "The Eggheads Are Going For Eisenhower," signed by 450 painters, writers, scientists and educators.

A Sensational Find

FOR two years I have been sitting on a fascinating bibliographical secret which, for various reasons, could not be told. But Dave Randall, Librarian of Indiana University, and Percy Muir, of Elkin Mathews, have now released me from my bond.

In 1954, "acting" on information received, they followed a trail which led them to a chateau in the backwoods of Provence, where they found the remains of the library of Walter Savage Landor, including rare first editions of Brown-

ing, Tennyson and Thoreau elegantly inscribed to the poet by the authors.

Lavish purchases earned them the freedom of the castle, and with it the keys of the muniment rooms.

There, amidst piles of dusty documents, they made the stupendous discovery of the long-lost manuscript of the autobiography of James II.

Indiana Purchase

Sir Winston Churchill devotes an entire chapter of his "Marlborough" to the history and importance of this legendary manuscript and concludes that "this priceless holograph is now lost for ever."

As it turns out, in 1955, while in exile at St. Germain-en-Laye, King James made the acquaintance of Cardinal de Boulton, nephew of the

Maréchal de Turenne, in whose army James, as the young Duc D'York, had served.

At the Cardinal's request the King had his memoirs translated into French and presented the Cardinal with the present manuscript, on condition that its contents remained secret during the King's lifetime.

The Cardinal bequeathed the memoirs to the Turenne Family in whose muniment room they lay buried until, 270 years later, Muir and Randall unearthed them. Randall negotiated their purchase, in exchange for re-reading the roof of the Turenne chateau, by Indiana University.

Russian Skull

IT is not long since Dr. K. P. Oakley, the officer in charge of the anthropology section of

the Natural History Museum, was at the centre of the scientific team which exploded the Piltdown man.

When I visited him last week at the museum, he appeared equally excited to have concluded the first anthropological exchanges between London and Moscow.

Delicately he picked up a black box from his desk, consulted the Russian label on the outside, and took out the cast of a Neanderthal child's skull which had been found in the Uzbekistan. "A lovely cast," he explained, "most beautifully done. We must get it compared with the Gibraltar child and the La Quina child."

Swapping Bones

The exchanges began nearly two years ago, with a letter from the anthropology department of Moscow University asking for various specimens. The Russians wanted casts of the cast of Neanderthal skulls from Mount Carmel, and asked the museum what it would like in return.

The museum opted for the child's skull, and also for casts of Neanderthal bones and fragments from the Crimean. These promptly arrived, neatly packed and labelled in their black boxes.

Dr. Oakley has great admiration for the work of Russian anthropologists. He reads their publications, and his only disagreement with them seems to be over the age of the Uzbekian skull.

"The Russian estimate of its geological age would put it at at least 50,000 years, but he adds thoughtfully, weighing the cast in his hand, "I wouldn't be inclined to put it at much more than 30,000 myself. But we shan't really know until they've tried the new dating techniques on it."

Vanwall's Chance
IN electing to drive a British Vanwall in Grand Prix events next year Stirling Moss is taking a calculated risk. The Vanwall proved in 1955 that it had a remarkable turn of speed; at Monza its snub nose was thrust among the red Maseratis and Ferraris in a highly exhilarating and unexpected way. But it has yet to prove its reliability over Grand Prix distance.

Last week, on the twisting Oulton Park circuit, Moss tested two Vanwalls for nearly four hours altogether. At the end of that time, though he is absolutely fit, he was exhausted, and both Vanwalls had developed small mechanical troubles. Nevertheless, Moss decided that the car was so much improved that he would go ahead with it.

Aces
Moss's team-mates have not yet been named. I predict that they will be the French-American Harry Schell, and the brilliant young Cheshire dentist, Tony Brooks. They would make a formidable trio.

I shall not be surprised to hear that world champion Fangio is switching from Ferraris to lead Maseratis next year. Peter Collins would then drive number one for Ferrari, supported by an up-and-coming Spanish driver, the Marquis de Portago, and a relative newcomer, the promising German ace Graf von Trips.

So, it will be a piquant situation. Collins might well

snatch the world championship from Fangio before Moss. But leading a team carries heavy responsibilities. Collins' would have to go out after Fangio every time and might blow up his cars in the process.

Curtain Up!

TOMCROW'S first performance of Elias Canetti's "The Numbered" at the Oxford Playhouse may turn out to have been an important date in the history of the theatre.

Mr. Canetti is not in common terms, a famous writer; but, like Mallarmé, he has readers who "would let themselves be cut in pieces for him and his work"; and it may be that with "The Numbered" he will haunt a larger public. Certainly no author could have, in an unsung way, a deeper impact in his own people; beneath Mr. Canetti's chubby appearance and benevolent moustaches there lurk immense reserves of feeling and a will of basalt.

By birth, as by instinct, he is a cosmopolitan. A Spanish Jew, born in Bulgaria and educated in Vienna, Paris and London, he is a man of prodigious learning who can debate as freely in sixteenth-century Castilian as in English, French and German. The theatre is not his only outlet (the Bollingen Foundation is financing his mammoth "Study of Power) but, like all those who have spent many evenings at the Burgtheater, he gives it the very best of himself; I hope that will return him the compliment.

Praise the Lord Mayor

SIR CUTHBERT ACKROYD, who does his chain of office this week, is probably the most travelled Lord Mayor in the history of London.

No one has been more zealous for the honour and dignity of the City of London than this sturdy Yorkshireman whose term has brought added distinction to this ancient office.

Within twelve months he has visited most of Europe and quite a part of America, adding the duties of an ambassador to those of the most coveted municipal office in the world.

Duties? Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd has made 1,400 speeches since last November and, to adopt the metaphor of his favourite game, "has never been dismissed for a duck."

Tweet! Tweet!
TRAFALGAR SQUARE seems likely to remain the most densely populated bird sanctuary this side of the Severn; the Ministry of Works says

darkly that although "certain methods" would get rid of the starlings, these would not be acceptable to the public.

Nobody can say that the Ministry has not tried humane methods. Past attempts have included decorating the roofs with stuffed owls and rubber snakes, exploding Chinese crackers at intervals; and broadcasting the starling's distress call through an amplifier in Whitehall. (This last was found to alarm the public more than the birds.) The latest efforts involved the use of ultra-sonic devices, but were fouled by the discovery that the starting range of hearing is identical with that of man.

The ideal solution would apparently be to fringe the square with electric wires powerful enough to discourage the starlings without harming them, but the cost of this is prohibitive. Meanwhile, in the hands of the public, who have proposed the release of teams of falcons; the use of jets of compressed air to blow the starlings away, or of vacuum plants to suck them in; and the installation of rotating perches. The Ministry has also refused to envelop the whole of Trafalgar Square in black nylon mesh.

Re-printing
EVERY newspaperman dreams that one day a tumultuous mob will surround his office and the air resound with shouts of "We'd done it! Keep it up!" and "Rush out some more!"

Among the very few who have actually had this gratifying experience are the five professional journalists who managed at the height of the fighting in Budapest, to bring out the "Hetfoi Hirlap" (or, more manageably, the "Weekly Monday"). Though deprived for more than a decade of the right to pursue their calling, they leapt to the task and produced a complete edition—news, comment, pictures, cartoons—which sold out in a matter of seconds.

"Tell the truth, while you have the chance" was the Editor's *mot d'ordre*; and his staff (one of whom had paid for his independence of mind with sojourns in both Dachau and Siberia) took their opportunity—which will not, I hope, be their last.

People and Words
"A ripple has spread across the ocean of Anglo-American accord" is the Duke of Devonshire.
"A girl who is a good cook has more chances of making a permanent marriage than a girl who is a good vital statistic has more chances of being married more frequently."
—WILLIAM GRANT, Solicitor-General for Scotland.
"Let off my children's fireworks. I don't think such things are rather dangerous things."
—WILLIAM PENNER, Director of the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment.